

Cooten, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold
At *Winfor*, so informe the Lords:

But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? Vnlesse houres were cups of
Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds,
and Dialls the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sun
himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame colored Taffata; I see
no reason why thou shouldest bee superfluous to demand the
time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take
Purles, goe by the Moone and seuen starres, and not by *Phoebus*,
he, that wandring Knight so faire: and I prethee sweete
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace; Maiesty
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Fal. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-
logue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianas* Forresters, Gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste Mistris the Moone; vnder whose countenance we
steale.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe

proofe. Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mon-
day night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning;
got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in: now
in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in
as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

Fal. By the Lord thou sayest true lad: and is not my Ho-
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Castle, and
is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of duranee?

Fal. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to do with a Buffe
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse
of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch;
and where it would not, I haue vsde my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere apparant that
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there
be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King? & reso-
lution thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father an-
tick the Law: do not thou whē thou art a king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudget false already. I meane thou shalt haue
the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hall*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of futes?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of futes, whereof the Hangman
hath no leane Wardrop, Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb
Car, or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolne*shire Bagpipe,

Prin. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of
Moore.